SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE

to

Queen's College

16th February 1938.

Your Excellency, my Lord Bishop, ladies and gentlemen, my dear friends, I am inclined to the belief I would best meet your wishes by being as brief as possible. When I was asked to address you, I felt deeply the honour you have bestowed on me, but honour as often the case carries with it a responsibility, and as I look around me the fact dawns on me that I am addressing an audience as intellectual as ever assembled within the walls of any Hall in this noble city, I am encouraged to place before you, as I hope shortly to do, higher considerations than those outlined on the subject of my discourse.

I thought it not out of place to give you fifty years of progress which incidentally coincided with a period of my absence from this beloved isle. I left you in 1883 as the first government scholar to proceed to England to pursue the study of Civil Engineering. I remember perfectly well the P. & O. Mail Steamer, the S.S. "HYDASPES". Mrs. Henry Marsh, the wife of the Colonial Secretary, was a fellow-passenger. It was hard to say good-bye to my dear relatives. In this respect fifty years have not changed the human heart. We still have the same pangs of good-byes. "Alas! Parting is such sweet sorrow!" sang the Immortal Bard. The speed of mail steamers was twelve knots per hour as against thirty-three knots per hour of to-day. When we realize the consumption of fuel to attain and to maintain this speed is as the square of twelve to thirty-three, we must admit the magnificence of the achievement. The "HYDASPES" generated no electricity. She had the nasty oil-smelling lamps.

To Edison, the American inventor, we may justly place him on the top of the list as the greatest benefactor of mankind. When he passed away full of years and fame, inventor of Eidswan, the gramphone and the telephone, about five years ago, the whole of the civilised world united in the most solemn memorial service ever heard over the ether. At eight of the clock all lights in every power station were switched off, then

softly were wafted Handel's first notes of the Creation and God said: "Let there be light," and there was light. We must not, however, omit the names of McFarrady, that plodding Scot, and Marconi, who passed away lamenting that his discovery of radiograph for the benefit of mankind should be turned to its wholesale destruction. Most of us remember the disaster at mid-ocean to the "TITANIC" in 1897. Radio saved many lives.

In the field of progressive science, the race to reduce friction resulted in speed and more speed, and the civilised world enters into the field of competition. In the world of science, we have our patient army of chemists and bacteriologists, the common garden paraffin or kerosene was refined into petrol and thus was made possible the construction of combustible engines. The horse chaise and omnibus were quickly replaced by auto-cars and monoplanes.

Let us turn to a more pleasant subject of my theme. Those of literature and art. Charles Dickens and Mark Twain. I was one of the party invited to honour Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) in Durban in 1902. When asked why he had never stood for the United States Senate, Mark Twain answered in his usual, humourous vein, "I am not clever enough to become a statesman and I cannot lower myself to that of a politician, since in my humble opinion every politician suffers from an impediment in his truth."

In the realm of poetry we have no one comparable with Robbie Burns, Tennyson, Shelley, Longfellow and Rudyard Kipling. Tennyson in his Immemorial and the Crossing of the Bar revealed to us his intense religious feeling.

In art, the Raphaelite School headed by Monet, Millais, Holman Hunt, Gleitschen and Orpen. They each contributed something in the way of beauty and truth, which are twin sisters and inseparable.

In the realm of music, we have Mozart, Mendelsohn, Wagner, Shubert, Chopin, Puccini and Verdi. They sing to us as they did in the Middle Ages. Do we listen as in Madame Butterfly? We in South Africa, the country of my adoption, love our Karoo and the glories of the rising and setting sun. We are taught to listen to the voice of the Veldt. The more we listen, the more we hear. The same in colours, the more we train our eyes to look, the more colours we see. By way of digression,

why, we ask, is the divine gift of music given to the Jewish people? the most commercially minded people in the world? Is it because they are the most persecuted people since the days of Mr. Isaacs of York? Yet Moses, the greatest law-giver to the world, was not commercially minded, on the contrary, he was one of the outstanding military genius in history, likewise, Mohemet, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Megha Khan, the last of whom left ~~their~~ his mark in Europe and Asia. In literature and art, we cannot omit the architects who catered for our comfort in our homes. The Kremlin of Moscow, the Mosque of Sofia in Istanbul, the ~~Theneh~~ Taj Mahal in Agra and the Summer Palace in Peking. In philosophy, we have the classical work of the Shoo, where we are told the Emperor Ming first formed the League of Nations in the Middle Kingdom over ~~two~~ four thousand years ago.

In jurisprudence, we have the Roman Law, but it was found inadequate without that of the Dutch. Hence, Roman-Dutch laws have been extensively applied in every civilised Court. In China, we have Confucious: 有子曰、學而時習之、不亦說乎. To learn and always practice what we have learned. Is it not a pleasure? 人不知而不慍、不亦君子乎、

. Men know not your virtues and you show not the least sign of annoyance. Is it not the manner of a superior man? Confucious spent his whole life in the service of his country. He, like Mencious, teaches the art of government to make the people happy. Confucious's conception of God is Heaven, where unalloyed Happiness awaits us. It is not supposed that he ever intended future generations should worship him. Before worship, which is adoration, there must be sacrifice. We have the Christian precept, the sacrifice of Jesus of Nazareth on Cavalry, who died for us in order that we might live to the full measure and statue of Christ. Two thousand years have passed to test the veracity of Jesus. The answer was given in the Coleseum by that noble army of ~~Martyrs~~ Martyrs, both men and women who rather faced certain death than abjured their faith in Christ. Now, religion is the most discussed subject in life. How often have we heard a man say "Oh, yes, I believe in God and in the Supreme Being," and there the matter ends. My dear friends, it does not end, make no mistake about it. If you have a very dear friend, you think of him in his absence and write to him. Do you correspond

with God? If you do, all is well. Mr. Thomas Carter, the archeologist, who directed the excavation of Tutakemen's Tomb in Luxor, one day found all the men lazing in the sun. To his Sirdar he said: "Heaven helps those who help themselves", and dismissed the men from his service. His Arabian overseer said, "Heaven helps those who help each other". But his dragoman Egyptian replied: "Effendi, Heaven helps those who rather help others than themselves".

WAR AND ALL ITS FRIGHTFULNESS.

The whole civilised world is an armed camp, all snarling at each other. Nations want something from other nations. There again, the evil side of human nature, greed, asserting itself. In the Great War we found every nation praying to God to give them victory, and they all said "God is with us", but how few said "Are we with God?" Every war has redistributed the wealth of the masses. The rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. Man's mind turns to socialistic legislation to improve the conditions of the poor in the way of better housing and better roads. Here again, we have to thank another hardy Scot McAdam. Capitalism co-operates with labour, recognising their interdependence on each other.

Now allow me to take you from Paris to Bombay and from thence to Hong Kong. It is a far cry. We have travelled no less than 18,200 miles with autocar attached to a caravan ("trailer") Traversed 18 countries from West to East. Paris was at the height of her inter-National Exhibition. It was essentially an exhibition to promote world peace. In every country it was noticeable that they contributed something beneficial to mankind. In Germany, Hitlerdom has practically mastered the problem of unemployment, where everybody is apparently content, well clothed, well housed and well fed. For five consecutive years we have visited Germany and have noticed the marked progress made, and yet there is still the snag, namely, the persecution of the Jews. Even the Jewish children dare not appear in the streets for fear of being stoned. In the villages there are no schools for them. They are just herded in the byres, cowed and sore afraid. In the village inns, we can see painting of a Jew carrying his money bag going East. At the bottom of the picture were the following lines: "Fahren zie mit zie 100,000

bruder und washen in die rivier Jordan und neber retour egen!" Every German looks at the picture and sings the verse drinking their beer with loud guffaws. Nazi Socialism has its flaw when it leaves out the Jews. Hitler might have remembered the plantation song of Virginia, Old Folks at Home, sung in every land. If you ask me next to Auld Lang Syne, it is the most popular song in the English language. Then we came to Austria, Vienna, the second Paris, with its Sanitoria and pure air. Then Hungary with its most beautiful town of Budapest on the Danube. We shall never forget the Hotel Dunopolata, dining on the terrace facing the Royal Palace. Then we come to Csecho Slovakia on the Balkan Mountains, an enchanting country of rivulets, cascades and pine trees. Then we entered Poland by way of Lenz and Kracow, the ancient capital and birth place of Hitler. The Polish roads were in the making; the potholes were terrible.

One day 14 hours on ~~hand~~ end, we only covered 50 miles, a rate of barely 4 miles an hour. We were weary in body and soul when we finally found ourselves in The Grand Hotel at Raapcah. From Raapcah to Warsaw the road was distinctly good and Warsaw itself was a noble city with its four magnificent bridges over the Weischler River which flows into Dantzig. In Poland, the most fertile country, we came on to another snag, viz., the Jewish Villages which were indescribably filthy. From Warsaw we proceeded to Iwa and the border town Lemnitz. Here we entered another country, Romania, by way of Cernauti. This country can supply the whole world with petrol. Its great wealth is situated at Plooesti. Here again we found four million Jews in a population of twenty million. The Jewish population carried on all trades and hotels, but the villages were even more filthy than those in Poland. In Romania we came across the Gipsy settlements in Romans and Focsan - a race quite distinct from any other in Europe, very kind and hospitable, living in communal life with its own folk lore and language. The Gipsys and their ancient origin must ~~be~~ form the subject of another discourse.

We entered Bulgaria and crossed the Great Balkans. The ~~Bulgarians'~~ Great Balkans ~~mountain vastness~~ forms a is another ~~is considered another~~ formidable range. On our arrival at Sofia, the capital, we were asked "How often were you attacked by bandits?" and the Bulgarians were quite disappointed when we ~~were~~ had not

been attacked. The Bulgarians were certainly a fine, strong people. The Policemen on point duty averaged six foot eight in height, and the women likewise. Sofia is a beautiful city and King Boris, who lives in the Royal Palace, is much beloved by his subjects. From Bulgaria we entered Turkey by way of the Bosphorus to Adrianopolis and Istanbul. Of all the countries we have travelled over, we found Turkey the most difficult. First of all, there were no roads and what roads there were belonged entirely to the military, so we had to build our roads as we went along carrying great boulders and holding on to the caravan to prevent it from tumbling over. We covered 2,800 miles and had to cross the Great Taurus and Anti-Taurus which were both under heavy snow. The nights were bitterly cold. From Nigdi to Adana the roads were very tortuous, and in some of the rocky cuttings we had to hew the rocks from the face and even then by slow degrees we piloted the caravan through. Had it not been for Joseph Sanberg we could not have gone through. He had fingers of iron and elbows of steel, and at night he literally cried with pain. The ascent to Nigdi was thirty-two miles, and the descent to Adana via Taurus was thirty-four miles. It was indeed a valley of desolation. The heat in the middle of the day was intense, and at night the cold was bitter. We were thankful to see the last of the Taurus. At Payas we entered the Syrian Plain to the Haven of Rest at Alexandrette. Here we must pause to pay our homage to the French nation. In the space of 20 years they have made excellent roads through the whole country and taught the Syrians to speak and understand the French language. What a contrast to British India, where the policemen on point duty cannot speak one word of English! From Allepo we travelled over the Syrian Desert and were attacked one night by a pack of hyenas. The beasts leapt up the autocar windows. Fortunately we shot one and drove the pack off. By day the fox watched us from the hills unmoved but always out of gun range.

From Syria we entered the Irag country at Ramadie. The Irag country was one desert, only it had rain and was full of bogs. We went along the right bank of the Euphrates until we reached Baghdad. Here we were first asked to "Yiu Tsai" - "drink tea" in Chinese. I think those were the only Chinese words the Iragians knew. They speak

Iragian, a Patois of Arabic. Baghdad, with Babylon 60 miles away, Baghdad, with the Garden of Eden untouched, is a wonderful city - only the smells are dreadful. The land of romance only when seen on the Cinematograph. Surely any discourse on fifty years' progress would be incomplete without a reference to the cinematograph and the movietone. Who would have thought of such a possibility fifty years ago? Can you have a more efficient form of advertisement in the English language? What is more, the number of film stars it had produced and is producing, how it has cheered us in our weary hours!

To revert from Baghdad, the city of the Mosque of Golden Domes, we proceeded to Iran by way of Abdulkamel. Persia, the land of ancient kings, who still reign in Teheran as monarch of all he survey. It is almost like a dream. When is a horse not a horse - when he is a night mare.

Our entry into Persia was at Krouswie, the Custom House. First our gun was confiscated and our movie camera securely sealed. Everything was unpacked, and we were kept there for 4½ hours. We were escorted by a Persian soldier whose sole object was to eat our food. By the time we reached Kirmanschab, we were handed over to the Central Customs. The Director told us that my gun and cartridges must be kept in custody until released by the King in Council. He regretted the Iran Consul at Baghdad overlooked the law, but he dared not do so himself for fear of losing his head. After two days we were allowed to proceed. In close proximity to Kirmanschab is the Boston Tower, where exquisite carvings in base relief panels portraying the crowning of certain crusaders could be seen. Then we ascended the great Kurdistan and had to plough through three feet of snow. We arrived at Hamadan where there was further delay over passports. Here, it may interest some of you to know the policeman on duty actually used the pass word "Sibbolets" on giving the right of way. Here then were the descendants of the Amalekites. The desert presents the most wonderful mirage of castles, and tree-clad fortresses, and rocks reflected in the water. On approach there was nothing at all. Here, too, Joshua must have fought the battle of the Lord in the Valley of Jordan. When the sun stood still, it must have been the mirage. Much of the Arabic alphabet

seemed to be derived from the outline of the volcanic mountains, and artistic designs of the Persian carpets appeared to have followed the same lines.

In Turkey and Iran we were surprised to notice the utter lack of reverence to God's acre. The garden is open to goats, donkeys and camels. From Hamadan we proceeded to Karkman and thence to Yetzd, and from Yetzd to Bam. Here we prepared ourselves for a stretch of 280 miles across the Great Salt Desert. Now the Persian Desert is totally different from the Turkish, Syrian or Iraq Desert. The Persian Desert is but a crust, and once you sink you disappear, and the more you dig, the deeper you go. Beneath the crust is sugary sand. Beautiful sand for golf bunkers, only the niblick would not help you very far.

By day we had to push the caravan walking barefooted, and we all got sand sores. We were nine days in the desert, broke four springs, ten spring clips, four new tires, thirty-six inner tubes, five clutches and one differential, but our chief difficulty was lack of water. We had none during the last three days. One of the ladies developed fever and we were fairly knocked out. McCawber like, I said: "Something will turn up", and sure enough, a second trolley was seen on the horizon approaching us. They came up, stood by us for two days, pull us out with wired ropes and wired nets, fixed the clutch and strengthened the couplings and brought us new cogwheels from Duzdab. They refused to accept payment; on the contrary, shared their water and food with us. I say this without fear of contradiction. The lorry driver of Persia is a perfect gentleman. Apart from this, I carry away with me the impression that Persia wants no tourists and therefore embarrasses them at every turn. We were indeed glad to get to the Vice-Consulate at Duzdab. Now, changed into Bahidar, where we were most hospitably entertained by Captain Dredge and his wife. We shall never forget the fresh milk and tea and, above all, the hot bath. From Duzdab we entered Baluchistan by way of Killasaid. Here again, we were delayed ~~by~~ for four and a half hours over passports. The officers in charge were most suspicious and could neither read nor write any language. From Killasaid we proceeded to Nokkundie, the first rest house in British India. What a disillusionment! The Mussulman in charge, David Adam, ~~assaulted money~~ a usurer

by charging us commission of three shillings on every pound of Cook's Travellers Cheques and palmed off eight bad Rupees. We were told afterwards this was a common practice. From Nokkundie we proceeded to Quetta, still in the desert. Quetta was the coldest place we struck, the water in the tub was frozen over with ice three inches thick. Nobody speaks of the quake which demolished Quetta in 1935 and killed over thirty thousand people. They look upon it as an Act of God to vindicate His Divine Wrath. From Quetta we made our way to Multans over mountainous roads made more desolate by modern ruins. From Multans we crossed the Indus ~~five miles on~~ ~~two~~ seven fantom miles long bridges ~~over the Indus~~. Then the everlasting military posts to Lalarei, Fort Sandeman and the fearsome Fort Munro Pass, and finally we reached Delhi to miss our boat train for Bombay by one and a half hours. Such is the up and down of a traveller's life. From Delhi we proceeded to Agra along many miles of cotton fields and rice plantations. Here we beheld the wonders of the Tajmahal, a most beautiful building in white marble. The dome with its fantastic gables and minarets ~~myriads of~~ "Overcrowding stairs". From Agra to Gwalior and Jhansi to Saugor where we were erroneously directed by the Military Cantonments to Bina and from thence to Belisal, the worst road in the world. We finally reached Bombay via Bhopal. Panthers and chitahs crossed our paths at night but having no gun we refrained from the use of the nib-lick, discretion being the better part of valour ~~failure~~. We arrived in Bombay on the 23rd of December to await the arrival of the T.S.S. "CONTE BIANCAMANO". Our long tramp is over, The snow-bound Himalaya forbids us from coming overland to Hong Kong. Thus ends my story of an explorer's glory. Now, as I have said before ~~this over~~, every nation we have traversed is anxious for peace in order to develop their national resources in their own way. In other words, they hate war and therefore love peace. Is statesmanship so bankrupt that they cannot devise some means of securing permanent peace?

Thanks ~~ing~~ to the late Lord Birkenhead, the British Commonwealth of Nations was devised, and the mother of Parliament since the days of the Magna Charta became an equal partner with every constituent part of the Empire. The King of Great Britain, and Emperor of India, is also the King of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. We are all

under the King, whose motto is to serve ~~the~~ his subjects, you and me. Can we emulate a better example than being united to serve each other? The British Commonwealth is an instrument for World Peace in collaboration with the United States of America and France. All is ~~wealth~~ well. We need have no fear, for fear begets fear and the truth is not in us. Lest we forget, the darkest hour is that before dawn. Let us all be lovers of truth and crush the hydra-headed monster of war that it may never rise again during the remaining days of our lives. Unitates vires! It is often said that "dulce est pro patria amori", but it is equally true "dulce est pro patria viva".

Now let me conclude with the object of my discourse. I remember Sir John Pope Hennessy when he, as Governor presiding at the Prize Distribution, brought some valuable books with him, which fell to me as the boy who made the greatest progress during the year. Again, ~~to~~ how can I better than emulate the example of this brilliant Irish gentleman, to ask you, Sir, to accept my humble gift of sixty dollars annually for this prize. I shall make provision subject to your approval for a sum bearing interest at 3¾% government security. This prize is open to boys of all nationality. As I have said before, in order to understand the mentality of a people, we must know their language. Again, subject to your approval, I make my humble contribution of a thousand dollars per annum to students tenable for four years to enable them to take up the study of languages, and for this purpose I shall make a trust deed of one hundred thousand dollars. The scholarships shall bear the name of Peace Scholarships. They must be good sportsmen or women. The Chancellor, Vice Chancellor & Deans of Faculty shall nominate & select the scholars undergraduates for the purpose of qualifying themselves in Sanitation, hygiene & pathological research. Prevention is better than cure and cleanliness is next to godliness which is sadly needed in Eastern countries. I thank you all for the patience you have shown in listening to my discourse.

W. Pedman

ESTABLISHED 1852

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MRS. I. SERCOMBE
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Dear Madam,

I enclose herewith cutting of paragraph inserted re Captain Walter Bosman's gift to the University of Hong Kong. We also return the letters left and have to apologize for delay in returning these, due to an oversight.

When you visited us we understood you were leaving for Johannesburg at the beginning of the month and are therefore addressing this letter c/o Economic Fuel Co., so that it may be forwarded on.

Yours truly,
"THE NATAL MERCURY"

A. Miller
MANAGER.

DURBAN CLUB.
DURBAN.

30 York Road
Bloemfontein

Dear Ivo,

I enclose the Vice Chancellor's letter of the 24th June. The extract of the South China Morning Post will interest you.

If Billy thinks it of sufficient importance, will you ask him to send copy to Natal Mercury Tribune. Of course Dr. Stone's letter is <u>not</u> for publication. Kindly return

both. The newspaper comment is a family heirloom.

Hoping you are better

Yours very truly

W. Posman

UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG

OFFICE OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

Tel. No. 28056.
Code: A. B. C. 5th. Ed.

24th June, 1938.

Dear Captain Bosman,

Your gift has given great satisfaction in Hongkong and has been the matter of very general appreciative comment. The quiet way in which it was made has impressed people with the feeling, and rightly too, that it is an art of unselfish generosity. I enclose a cutting from the South China Morning Post which may interest you. No mention was made of your connection with Sir Robert's family and the omission was deliberate. His reaction to the matter was to go to make elaborate and unconvincing explanations to Mr. Morse at the Bank. He suggested to Morse that he would like to see me. Morse's answer was that, knowing my feelings in the matter he thought a visit from Sir Robert would do no good. And so the matter rests.

The scheme of scholarship which I discussed with you is now in the hands of the lawyer, a slow moving person. I have delayed writing to you because I wanted to send the draft for your approval. Practically the delay is of no importance as we are now in Vacation and I cannot get a full meeting of the University Council to acknowledge your generosity until late September or early October. The comments, I have already had from the Governor and from members of the Council leave me in no doubt that when we can get a full meeting your generosity will receive the recognition that it deserves.

Hongkong is at present very hot and wet. My wife, who joined me two weeks ago finds it trying: but there is a good winter to look forward to. I should like you to give my warmest greetings to Mrs. Bosman whose kindly presence frequently recurs to my mind.

And please, when you are at leisure, take the hint in the newspaper note about writing up the story of your journey to Agra.

I should like to be able to add that I would like to see you again in Hongkong, but I recognize that your experience

last time was not of the kind to encourage another visit. We had tea with Ho Kom Tong two days ago. He was well and, as usual, very kind. He said many kind things about you.

My best wishes to you both.

Yours sincerely,

D. J. Stone

Vice-Chancellor.

Captain W. Bosman,

Bloemfontein Club.